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WHAT THE OBELISK SAID.

Upset, across the sea, erected here—
And why? For what? Is all so very
The people, language, dress, the atmosphere;
I hear a jargon round me every day—
None understand a word I have to say.
The man who can't talk, must be a fool,
Or a wise man, if he's on their way to school,
And yet how strange, a language so well
known.

Just lie a spark in the Rosetta stone!

How old? When made? What do we know?

As I look back, so many years ago?

I saw the play of the stars in the flight,

The darkness fell, that shrouded me in night.

The dreadful cry, I now remember well,

When all the first-born in the kingdom fell;

Saw Moses, and the Israelites,

Who read the same inscription on my face—

That grand old man, whose eagle eye,

Pier'd through our gods, to God alone on high;

Those temples built, whose skeletons still stand;

Their giant bones half buried in the sand;

The sphinx, those mighty pyramids, and I

Saw the pyramids and Memphis rise and fall and die.

Then Egypt slept—sleep stirred once in a while,

By some lone boatman singing on the Nile;

I watched her slumber through the ages vast,

Till cold in death, she lay a corpse at last!

Upset, across the sea, erected here—

That's all out of place very far—

And, by the way, I'd better not say it said

That Thothmes Third is risen from the dead,

And may be seen "at two and six a head."

Thothmes, the King, the great, the dead,

Das, the pit, the dead, the dead,

Thothmes, who shook all Egypt when he died,

Is carried down and housed at Grand Cairo,

A part of all the things they have to show!

Once more I think I cross the stormy main

To look upon my mummified form again.

Am I to stand a beacon on this shore,

And come another thousand years, or more,

And still for Thothmes blow my trumpet blast?

Watch over the present, as I have the past?

These people pass, and the language die;

These statues scatter here and there around.

Mass-grown and tired, tumble to the ground;

That's all, monster, thunders ring o'er the plain,

Become a study for some curious brain!

What, then? I won't forquis what then;

Nor who will dare to tell me again;

Das, the pit, the dead, the dead,

They'll find me loyal to the old King.

—N. Y. Observer.

CHANGE PARTNERS.

"I know perfectly well it's horrible; but I do get so tired of Stephen's perpetual goodness! If he would only treat me to a few scenes once in a while, Mary, I do believe I might almost fall in love with him. O no, of course I don't mean that;" and Winnie Mowatt's olive cheeks grew crimson as she spoke. Mary Mowatt, an elder sister by some eight years or more, and who, in virtue of her seniority, was occupied in putting pretty Winnie's room in order, smiled rather oddly as she replied:

"I quite agree with you. The love is still in the future."

"Do you know, Mary, I wish Stephen had a mustache, whiskers, beard, anything? But that close-cut face, severely clerical cassock, and all, will drive me wild;" and tears of vexation stood in Winnie's brown eyes. "I don't think we are suited to each other at all—do you?"

"I suppose he might cultivate a mustache—no, whiskers, that's more clerical—if you only mentioned the subject."

"Oh, you know very well that's not what I mean. I know I am not good enough for him; and I must say I wish I had never wasted my time visiting those poor people, and pretending to be a saint, when I am far enough from it."

"You succeeded in your object, nevertheless," replied Mary, dryly.

"More's the pity. Now, Mary, you must do me a favor. Stephen is coming in an hour to go to some service or other—I should think he might have enough of that in his own parish, without danting attendance on every one our rector sees fit to drone through—and I'm not going. You must tell him so. I am going to take Mignon and drive off in search of something new."

"Very sorry, but I'm off to;" and Mary dashed out of the room.

Sitting down at her desk, Winnie wrote a note to the Rev. Stephen Morgan, urging various pressing duties that must be attended to, so that she would be prevented from enjoying his society that morning. With a laugh Winnie threw it on the hall table, rushed up stairs and down again, and was off to the stables. The low pony-carriage was soon ready, and just as she turned the corner leading toward Chester, the Rev. Stephen Morgan was seen to ascend the steps of Mowatt Hall.

"I'm not in a mood for goodness this morning, and Stephen is too like an angel. I wonder if I am wicked than other people?" with which pleasing reflection Miss Winnie drove on. Soon she came to a road which she seemed to hesitate about taking; then setting her mouth quite firmly, urged her pony valiantly on. "I might as well have the pleasure of driving through the grounds, anyway," she soliloquized.

"Miss Blanche Grey is not yet in possession. I wonder what she is like? Dashing, if harum-scarum Charlie chose her. Ah, well!"—heaving a sigh, as she loosened the rein, and let Mignon walk through the woods belonging to Chester—"I used to think Charlie—" Wm. stepped very suddenly; for, barring the road, stood a tall, broad-shouldered fellow with dark whiskers and mustache. Approaching Winnie, he made a low bow.

"We arrest trespassers at Chester now!"—seizing the reins and leading Mignon on some distance before Winnie recovered from her surprise sufficiently to speak.

"Charlie Chester!" she exclaimed at length. "Leave the reins alone. When did you come? Had I known you were here, no power on earth would have induced me to enter these grounds."

"And what was your object, now, pray?" with a sneer.

"I have had many happy days in these woods," replied Winnie, pensively, "and a thought of them brought me here."

Charlie Chester's face assumed a look of incredulity. "In those happy days, Winnie, when we were such fools!"

"Yes," replied she, carelessly, "I flattered myself I did make a fool of you."

"Flirt!" exclaimed the young man, dashing his cane on the ground, and seizing the young girl's hands in his two powerful ones. "Winnie, why did you treat me so? Why teach me with every breath I drew to inhale the poison of loving you, only to laugh and jeer at me?"

There was a time—Do you remember one walk through these woods, when, leaning on my arm, you let me lead you through path after path, now stopping under some old tree to gather the wild flowers that were not one-half as lovely or as wild as you, now resting by the little brook. I was so happy, Winnie, and you—"

"Were wondering how much you had a year! You are really getting poetical, Sir Charles. Well, you cheated me, after all, for Miss Grey—"

"Is to be my wife."

Without one word Winnie urged

"Mignon" on, and Charlie Chester did not follow. She had grown to be so dear to him, and he had looked upon her as his future wife ever since the day when he had met her, in her girlish beauty, the wilful beauty of Trevor. Had not every loo^k, every action, conveyed his meaning to her? Pshaw!

She was clay, very common clay, too; for had he not been told that her object was the Chester property, not himself? That ambition a man never forgives, where women are concerned; himself, that is quite another matter.

If Stephen Morgan thought his cousin from a distance, this feeling was unreservedly shown near. After being duly presented to Lady Chester, he proposed a walk the woods, to which Blanche willingly consented. She really liked her new-found cousin very much, and secretly had admired his sweet profile, as set forth by some Totten photographer, ever since his mother, in a moment of maternal vanity, had sent it to her Scotch relatives. Sir St. John the Baptist have looked, preaching repentance to all. And it was on St. John's Day they had met for the first time. Blanche's imagination was fired by the coincidence, and in her heart of hearts she thought the resemblance more striking even in reality. What relief and comfort he must carry in his very presence to the poor and sick of his parish! With such an object, life was worth living; and her mind reverted to her future.

She had never been in love with Sir Charles, but had been fond of Lady Chester, her godmother, who had set her heart on her son's marrying Blanche. So, after the cruel story of Winifred Mowatt's sacerdotal ambition, founded on a joke carelessly spoken, but faithfully reported, Sir Charles had acquiesced in his mother's plan, as well as Blanche, to whom one was as good as another, for she was heart-free, and that time would teach her what time alone never does—love.

The service over, he followed her into the church-yard. How tall, how graceful she was! And there was a quiet dignity about her that seemed to pour comfort upon poor Stephen's harrowed soul.

"And how did it happen that I never saw you before?"

"O, that is easily explained. You see, I have always lived in Scotland, and as you never came there, how could we know each other?"

"How did you recognize me, then?"

"From a picture I once saw of you, and I took a— I liked your face, and remembered it."

"How different from Winnie, who found fault with his physiognomy twenty times a day!"

Stephen did not define his feelings as regarded Blanche, except that she was his idea of a St. Cecilia, for his heart was true to Poll, or if it wasn't he thought it was, so that it amounted to much the same.

Their conversation turned upon his future.

"You know I am in hopes of getting Upshaw," he said. "Lord Hendrey is quite my good friend, and has about promised it to me. It is a lovely spot. Were you ever there?"

"Upshaw near Tamley?"

"The same. Lord Hendrey's town."

"Why, of course I have been there. Lord Hendrey is Charlie's uncle, and I have often visited with Lady Chester. A charming spot, my ideal of a village. And, Stephen, there is much work needed there, for the last man was old and very negligent. There are many poor families will need your care and—your wife's, for I presume you will marry."

"Unfortunately, that's not in Winnie's line. She hates visiting, she says; though when I first met her it was at a poor woman's bedside."

"Is Winnie? Miss Mowatt?"

"Yes."

"And are you going to marry her?"

"Why, yes—"rather uneasily.

"Indeed!"

There was nothing more said, and silently they walked on, until they reached the shrubbery, where Blanche declared her intention of resting. Soon they perceived a couple advancing, and recognized Sir Charles and Winnie.

"I wonder when Winnie knew him?" remarked Stephen.

"O, they are very old friends—very," replied Blanche, not entirely without meaning, for she had heard a vague rumor of a "flirtation" between Sir Charles and the beauty of Mowatt Hall, though it is due to her to add that she was ignorant of its real nature, else had she not accepted Sir Charles. "Good gracious! Charlie is becoming really touching," she exclaimed, beneath her breath, as she saw him take Winnie's hands.

"Excuse me, Winnie, but I—I—I'll be back before long. I must speak to my cousin, Miss Grey," and poor Stephen was off with a radiant face.

Was she not the embodiment of holy beauty in her white robes? As she stood there, that rapt look on her face, she seemed a St. Cecilia, and Stephen almost dreaded lest wings should appear, and she should take her flight.

"I suppose you could find nothing uglier to wear?" scoffed Sir Charles, touching Winnie's pink dress with a gesture of disdain. Winnie drew back.

"Is the color offensive? You used to be fond of pink once, Charlie. I suppose white has the preference now."

"It is because she has deceived my cousin, poor Stephen, a man as far above her as the heavens from the earth!"

"Blanche, you go too far."

"She went too far. Why did she lay her trap to catch a saint? Men of the world, like yourself, are more her line."

"It is because she has deceived my cousin, poor Stephen, a man as far above her as the heavens from the earth."

"Just like a woman, always down on her own sex."

"It is because she has deceived my cousin, poor Stephen, a man as far above her as the heavens from the earth."

"Blanche, you go too far."

"She went too far. Why did she lay her trap to catch a saint? Men of the world, like yourself, are more her line."

"George! my fair Blanche seems to fancy that miff of a person who came with you, and I'll make him a present—By-the-way, who did you say he was?"

"The Rev. Stephen Morgan, of Totten, who proposes making him his wife."

"He does, does he? If you value his life, keep him out of my way. I tell you I am a jealous man, and though you will not have me, you shall not have him."

"To judge from appearances, he seems much more inclined to have your fiancee. By-the-bye, they are cousins. Why, Charlie, we shall be related; not very near, to be sure, but near enough for me to visit you continually, and during Lent you and your wife can fast at Upshaw, if Stephen gets the living."

"That he won't! You forget my uncle has the giving of it, and I'll move heaven and earth to prevent that duffer from getting it. Jove! it's enough to make a man's blood boil to see such a heartless flirt as you are. Child, how could you be so cruel, when you knew how my heart was full of you?" Winnie—they had wandered off into the woods so fatally fraught with bitter-sweet memories, and Charlie Chester had bared his head to the breeze—"Winnie darling, tell me, had you no love at all for me in those happy days? Was it all on my side?"

"Winnie, you are standing in Winnie's brown eyes, and a look of pain crossed her face, but she made no reply.

"Winifred, I will know," and seizing her two hands in his, Charlie Chester gazed long and wistfully into her eyes. As for Winnie, the earth seemed sink-

I want to know is that he will never come back. Tell me, will he?"

"How do I know? No, on consideration I do not think he will come back."

"And then, darling, I alone have the right to wipe them away," and Charlie took his head and kissed her.

"Sir Charles," said a voice near him, "Miss Grey awaits you in the shrubbery, and Stephen Morgan stood by Winnie's side.

"Precious pet! Tears again? This will never, Winnie. But answer my question of the other day: Did you ever have to have listened to gossip about me, and—"

"Of course I did"—very low.

Sir Charles was content. As he was leaving the drawing-room preparatory to his head and kissed her.

"Hands off, please. And before I answer your question, Sir Charles, let me tell you that it was wicked, very wicked of you to ever have listened to gossip about me, and—"

"Deuce take Stephen! No; I'll forgive him, for I have you."

After which more nonsense.

Sir Charles took his bride abroad, and after a winter in Rome they were preparing to return to Chester, which was to be their home, as old Lady Chester had gone off three miles to live, at Bayview. They were stopping in Paris for a few days, and Lady Chester awaited her husband's pleasure in a bistro before T— & Co., English bankers. Soon appeared, holding an open letter in his hand. He jumped in, squeezed his wife's hand—they had not been married so long, after all—and exclaimed: "News of Stephen for you. He's got Up

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